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## WAR-CHESTS.

THE menace to the peace of Europe which the death of the late Czar was supposed to imply seems, fortunately, after all, nothing but a groundless fear, and the friendly approaches made by his successor to Germany and England—with which past relationships have not been so intimate as might be desired—would appear to foreshadow a fresh lease to the political quietude of the civilised world. But although the gunpowder may be damped, there is always danger while it is stored up in huge quantities; and while every European Government continues to make preparations for an outbreak of war, there is always the risk that unforeseen circumstances may some day occur to precipitate it. The enormous extent of the military forces is well known to everybody who takes the smallest interest in the history of the day, and their unhealthy effect upon the social life of the people is fully understood. But there is another aspect of the question which is not so apparent, except to the diligent student—the locking-up of enormous masses of treasure for military purposes exercises an enormous influence upon the course and extent of trade and industry throughout the world.

Perhaps the only instance in which gold has been withdrawn from circulation, and deliberately rendered useless by locking it up where it can neither be seen nor handled, except by a few highly-placed Government officials, is that of Germany, which maintains at the fortress of Spandau a literal war-chest. But its contents, after all, do not exceed six millions sterling, and such an amount would make little appreciable difference if returned to the general circulation of the world. It is quite different, however, with the vast sums which are stored in the various national banks of Europe. Great Britain, able to raise large sums of money at a moment's notice, admittedly has no need to make preparations of this nature. Although the trade of the country probably

exceeds that of any other in the world, the amount of gold in the Bank of England is only some thirty-five millions, far above the average of the past few years, and more than sufficient for the trade purposes for which it is required; and were gold wanted for some other country, there would not be a moment's hesitation about parting with a few millions.

Contrast with this the conditions of things on the Continent. The Bank of France has no less than seventy-seven millions sterling in gold stored in its vaults, as well as about fifty millions in silver coin, which, being legal tender, it could put into circulation to meet any demand which might arise for an increase in the currency. The Imperial Bank of Germany holds thirty-seven millions in gold, and upwards of ten in silver; the Austro-Hungarian Bank about fifteen millions in each metal. These countries have all gold currencies, and it might be maintained that their stocks of the metal were simply reserves against the issue of notes, the same as our own Bank of England. But they are far in excess of anything required for such a purpose; and if proof were wanted that there are other objects regarded as of equal or greater importance than the soundness of the currency, it would only be necessary to make the attempt on any large scale to convert the notes into gold bullion with the avowed object of taking it out of the country. The result would undoubtedly be the placing of so many obstacles in the way, that the transaction could only be effected at a loss too heavy to be faced; and while England would readily part with a few out of her thirty-five millions, France would not willingly spare one out of her seventy-seven.

The fact is that the greater part of this gold is regarded as a war reserve, and the respective Governments would not under any circumstances allow it to be parted with. Notes may be issued and circulated against it, and while promptly paid to any extent necessary for the conduct of ordinary internal business, any

attempt to melt them on a large scale would lead probably to the discovery that they were practically inconvertible currency. The accumulation in Austria is of quite recent date, and although made ostensibly for the purpose of changing the then existing silver standard into a gold one, there is little doubt that the main object was to obtain possession of a war reserve like that of their neighbours, and it is only by artificial means that the gold is to-day prevented from again flowing out of the country.

Any pretence of banking reserves completely disappears, however, when we turn to Russia, which in the State banks, the Treasury, and on deposit at call in several foreign countries, is credited with having one hundred millions sterling in gold at its disposal. Its currency is the inconvertible paper rouble, and the bullion answers no other purpose than that of maintaining the credit of the country in the money markets of Europe while peace lasts, and of giving command of a vast treasure for military purposes the moment it is broken.

We have only lately begun to realise the immense part which the formation of these war-chests has played in the commercial depression from which the whole world has been so severely suffering. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the amount of hard cash now reserved by the various Governments in view of a possible outbreak of war, exceeds rather than falls short of one hundred and fifty millions sterling, which would not under any circumstances be parted with, even for the most temporary object. It does not require much investigation to prove that the outcome of this must be anything but beneficial. The miser who hoards his gold injures others as well as himself, just as a landowner who deliberately permits his broad acres to lie waste is inflicting a blow upon the community which might live and thrive upon the produce of the soil. For the greater part of the last twenty years, first one nation and then another has played the part of the miser, and laid a greedy hold upon treasure which should have been allowed to circulate and increase many-fold the wealth of those through whose hands it passed. Nor could this have happened at a more unfortunate time; for while the output of silver increased by leaps and bounds, that of gold fell away rapidly. Had silver maintained the position it had always previously held in the world's currency, there would have been but a slight disturbance; for even had the gold been hoarded, there would have been ample silver to take its place. This much may be conceded to the bimetallists, that had silver remained the European standard, trade and commerce might have continued to flourish even while the gold was being withdrawn from circulation. It is, however, useless to speculate on what might have been. The gigantic efforts made to convert Europe into an armed camp have impoverished the people, not merely by demanding their labour, which would have been more profitably employed in tilling the ground and tending the mill or the loom, but by heaping upon them an almost unbearable burden of taxation, which they are so much the less able to meet. While this state of things continues, and

these war-chests are being added to, there can be little hope of any relief.

There is just a hope that the eyes of statesmen are being gradually opened, and that we may be approaching an end of this disastrous policy. Nowhere would the desire to cry 'Halt' in preparation for hostilities be more gladly welcomed than here. It is perhaps too much to hope that there will be any general disarmament, or any dispersion of the hoards which have been accumulated at so great a cost; but it would be some satisfaction to know that they would not be pushed beyond the point they have already reached. We are once more in the midst of a period of great gold discoveries, and South Africa, aided perhaps by Western Australia, promises to replenish the coffers of the world. It would be the height of folly to allow the treasure now being yielded to be swept into the secrecy of military chests, or locked up in military banks, instead of going to enrich those engaged in peaceful avocations.

#### THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

##### CHAPTER IV.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE WIZARD'S DRUG.

THE opinion of man is ever in flux save where it is founded on the rock of true religion. What our fathers believed, we disbelieve; but often our sons shall again receive it. In olden time men held much by magic and black arts; now, such are less esteemed; yet hereafter it may well be that the world will find new incantations and fresh spells, the same impulse flowing in a different channel and never utterly to be checked or stemmed by the censures of the Church or the mocking of unbelievers. As for truth—in truth who knows truth? For the light of Revelation shines but in few places, and for the rest we are in natural darkness, groping along unseen paths towards unknown ends. May God keep our footsteps!

Now towards the close of the third year of his outlawry the heart of Count Antonio of Monte Velluto had grown very sad. For it was above the space of a year since he had heard news of the Lady Lucia, and hard upon two since he had seen her face; so closely did Duke Valentine hold her prisoner in Firmola. And as he walked to and fro among his men in their hiding-place in the hills, his face was sorrowful. Yet, coming where Tommasino and Bena sat together, he stopped and listened to their talk with a smile. For Bena cried to Tommasino, 'By the saints, my lord, it is even so! My father himself had a philtre from him thirty years ago; and though, before, my mother had loathed to look on my father, yet now here am I, nine-and-twenty years of age and a child born in holy wedlock. Never tell me that it is foolishness, my lord!'

'Of whom do you speak, Bena?' asked Antonio.

'Of the Wizard of Baratesta, my lord. Ay, and he can do more than make a love-potion. He can show you all that shall come to you in a mirror, and make the girl you love rise

before your eyes as though the shape were good flesh and blood.'

'All this is foolishness, Bena,' said Count Antonio.

'Well, God knows that,' said Bena. 'But he did it for my father; and as he is thirty years older, he will be wiser still by now;' and Bena strode off to tend his horse, somewhat angry that Antonio paid so little heed to his words.

'It is all foolishness, Tommasino,' said Antonio.

'They say that of many a thing which gives a man pleasure,' said Tommasino.

'I have heard of this man before,' continued the Count, 'and marvellous stories are told of him. Now I leave what shall come to me in the hands of Heaven; for to know is not to alter, and knowledge without power is but fretting of the heart; but'— And Antonio broke off.

'Ride then, if you can safely, and beg him to show you Lucia's face,' said Tommasino. 'For to that I think you are making.'

'In truth I was, fool that I am,' said Antonio.

'But be wary; for Baratesta is but ten miles from the city, and His Highness sleeps with an open eye.'

So Antonio, albeit that he was in part ashamed, learned from Bena where the wizard dwelt on the bridge that is outside the gate of Baratesta—for the Syndic would not suffer such folk to live inside the wall—and one evening he saddled his horse and rode alone, to seek the wizard, leaving Tommasino in charge of the band. And as he went, he pondered, saying, 'I am a fool—yet I would see her face;' and thus, still dubbing himself fool, yet still persisting, he came to the bridge of Baratesta; and the wizard, who was a very old man and tall and marvellously lean, met him at the door of the house, crying, 'I looked for your coming, my lord.' And he took Antonio's horse from him and stood it in a stable beside the house, and led Antonio in, saying again, 'Your coming was known to me, my lord;' and he brought Antonio to a chamber at the back of the house, having one window, past which the river, being then in flood, rushed with noise and fury. There were many strange things in the chamber, skulls and the forms of animals from far-off countries, great jars, basins, and retorts; and in one corner a mirror half-draped in a black cloth.

'You know who I am?' asked Antonio.

'That needs no art,' answered the wizard; 'and I pretend to none in it. Your face, my lord, was known to me as to any other man, from seeing you ride with the Duke before your banishment.'

'And you knew that I rode hither to-night?'

'Ay,' said the wizard. 'For the stars told of the coming of some great man; and I turned from my toil and watched for you.'

'What toil?' asked Antonio. 'See, here is money, and I have a quiet tongue. What toil?'

The wizard pointed to a heap of broken and bent pieces of base metal. 'I was turning dross to gold,' said he, in a fearful whisper.

'Can you do that?' asked Antonio, smiling.

'I can, my lord, though but slowly.'

'And hate to love?' asked Count Antonio.

The wizard laughed harshly. 'Let them that prize love, seek that,' said he. 'It is not for me.'

'I would it had been—then had my errand here been a better one. For I am come but to see the semblance of a maiden's face.'

The wizard frowned as he said, 'I had looked for a greater matter. For you have a great enemy, my lord, and I have means of power for freeing men of their enemies.'

But Count Antonio, knowing that he spoke of some dark device of spell or poison, answered, 'Enough! enough! For I am a man of quick temper, and it is not well to tell me of wicked things, lest I be tempted to anticipate Heaven's punishment.'

'I shall not die at your hands, my lord,' said the wizard. 'Come, will you see what shall befall you?'

'Nay, I would but see my lady's face; a great yearning for that has come over me, and, although I take shame in it, yet it has brought me here.'

'You shall see it then—and if you see more, it is not by my will,' said the wizard; and he quenched the lamp that burned on the table, and flung a handful of some powder on the charcoal in the stove; and the room was filled with a thick sweet-smelling vapour. And the wizard tore the black cloth off the face of the mirror and bade Antonio look steadily in the mirror. Antonio looked till the vapour that enveloped all the room cleared off from the face of the mirror, and the wizard, laying his hand on Antonio's shoulder, said, 'Cry her name thrice.' And Antonio thrice cried 'Lucia!' and again waited. Then something came on the polished surface of the mirror; but the wizard muttered low and angrily, for it was not the form of Lucia or of any maiden; yet presently he cried low, 'Look, my lord, look!' and Antonio, looking, saw a dim and shadowy face in the mirror; and the wizard began to fling his body to and fro, uttering strange whispered words; and the sweat stood in beads on his forehead. 'Now, now!' he cried; and Antonio, with beating heart, fastened his gaze on the mirror. And as the story goes (I vouch not for it) he saw, though very dimly, the face of Lucia; but more he saw also; for beside the face was his own face, and there was a rope about his neck, and the half-shaped arm of a gibbet seemed to hover above him. And he shrank back for an instant.

'What more you see is not by my will,' said the wizard.

'What shall come is only by God's will,' said Antonio. 'I have seen her face. It is enough.'

But the wizard clutched him by the arm, whispering in terror, 'It is a gibbet—and the rope is about your neck.'

'Indeed, I seem to have worn it there these three years—and it is not drawn tight yet; nor is it drawn in the mirror.'

'You have a good courage,' said the wizard with a grim smile. 'I will show you more; and he flung another powder on the charcoal; and the shapes passed from the mirror. But another came; and the wizard, with a great cry, fell suddenly on his knees, exclaiming, 'They mock me, they mock me! They show

what they will, not what I will. Ah, my lord, whose is the face in the mirror?' And he seized Antonio again by the arm.

'It is your face,' said Antonio; 'and it is the face of a dead man, for his jaw has dropped, and his features are drawn and wrung.'

The wizard buried his face in his hands; and so they rested awhile till the glass of the mirror cleared; and Antonio felt the body of the wizard shaking against his knee.

'You are old,' said Antonio, 'and death must come to all. Maybe it is a lie of the devil; but if not, face it as a man should.'

But the wizard trembled still; and Antonio, casting a pitiful glance on him, rose to depart. But on the instant as he moved, there came a sudden loud knocking at the door of the house, and he stood still. The wizard lifted his head to listen.

'Have you had warning of more visitors to-night?' asked Antonio.

'I know not what happens to-night,' muttered the wizard. 'My power is gone to-night.'

The knocking at the door came again, loud and impatient.

'They will beat the door down if you do not open,' said Antonio. 'I will hide myself here behind the mirror; for I cannot pass them without being seen; and if I am seen here, it is like enough that the mirror will be proved right both for you and me.'

So Antonio hid himself, crouching down behind the mirror; and the wizard, having lit a small dim lamp, went on trembling feet to the door. And presently he came back, followed by two men whose faces were hid in their cloaks. One of them sat down, but the other stood and flung his cloak back over his shoulders; and Antonio, observing him from behind the mirror, saw that he was Lorenzo, the Duke's favourite.

Then Lorenzo spoke to the wizard, saying, 'Why did you not come sooner to open the door?'

'There was one here with me,' said the wizard, whose air had become again composed.

'And is he gone? For we would be alone.'

'He is not to be seen,' answered the wizard. 'Utterly alone here you cannot be.'

When he heard this, Lorenzo turned pale; for he did not love this midnight errand to the wizard's chamber.

'But no man is here,' said the wizard.

A low hoarse laugh came from the man who sat. 'Tricks of the trade, tricks of the trade!' said he; and Antonio started to hear his voice. 'Be sure that where a prince, a courtier, and a cheat are together, the devil makes a fourth. But there is no need to turn pale over it, Lorenzo.'

And when the wizard heard, he fell on his knees; for he knew that it was Duke Valentine who spoke.

'Look you, fellow,' pursued His Highness, 'you owe me much thanks that you are not hanged already; for by putting an end to you I should please my clergy much and the Syndic of Baratesta not a little. And if you do not obey me to-night, you shall be dead before morning.'

'I shall not die unless it be written in the stars,' said the wizard, but his voice trembled.

'I know nothing of the stars,' said the Duke, 'but I know the mind of the Duke of Firmola, and that is enough for my purpose.' And he rose and began to walk about the chamber, examining the strange objects that were there; and thus he came in front of the mirror, and stood within half a yard of Antonio. But Lorenzo stood where he was, and once he crossed himself secretly and unobserved.

'What would my lord the Duke?' asked the wizard.

'There is a certain drug,' said the Duke, turning round towards the wizard, 'which if a man drink—or a woman, Lorenzo—he can walk on his legs and use his arms, and seem to be waking and in his right mind—yet is his mind a nothing; for he knows not what he does, but does everything that one, being with him, may command, and without seeming reluctance; and again, when bidden, he will seem to lose all power of movement, and to lack his senses. I saw the thing once when I sojourned with the Lord of Florence; for a wizard there, having given the drug to a certain man, put him through strange antics; and he performed them all willingly.'

'Ay, there is such a drug,' said the wizard.

'Then give it me,' said the Duke; 'and I give you your life and fifty pieces of gold. For I have great need of it.'

Now when Antonio heard the Duke's words, he was seized with great fear; for he surmised that it was against Lucia that the Duke meant to use this drug; and noiselessly he loosened his sword in its sheath and bent forward again to listen.

'And though my purpose is nothing to you, yet it is a benevolent purpose. Is it not, Lorenzo?'

'It is your will, not mine, my lord,' said Lorenzo in a troubled voice.

'Mine shall be the crime, then, and yours the reward,' laughed the Duke. 'For I will give her the drug, and she shall wed you.'

Then Antonio doubted no longer of what was afoot, nor that a plot was laid whereby Lucia should be entrapped into marriage with Lorenzo, since she could not be openly forced. And anger burned hotly in him. And he swore that, sooner than suffer the thing to be done, he would kill the Duke there with his own hand or himself be slain.

'And you alone know of this drug now, they say,' the Duke went on. 'For the wizard of Florence is dead. Therefore give it me quickly.'

But the wizard answered, 'It will not serve, my lord, that I give you the drug. With my own hand I must give it to the persons whom you would thus affect, and I must tell them what they should do.'

'More tricks!' said the Duke scornfully. 'I know your ways. Give me the drug.' And he would not believe what the wizard said.

'It is even as I say,' said the wizard. 'And if Your Highness will carry the drug yourself, I will not vouch its operation.'

'Give it me; for I know the appearance of it,' said the Duke.

Then the wizard, having again protested, went to a certain shelf and from some hidden recess took a small phial, and came with it to the Duke, saying, 'Blame me not, if its operation fail.'

The Duke examined the phial closely, and also smelt its smell. 'It is the same,' said he. 'It will do its work.'

Then Count Antonio, who believed no more than the Duke what the wizard had said concerning the need of his own presence for the working of the drug, was very sorely put to it to stay quietly where he was; for if the Duke rode away now with the phial, he might well find means to give it to the Lady Lucia before any warning could be conveyed to her. And, although the danger was great, yet his love for Lucia and his fear for her overcame his prudence, and suddenly he leaped forth from behind the mirror, drawing his sword and crying, 'Give me that drug, my lord, or your life must answer for it!'

But fortune served him ill; for as the Duke and Lorenzo shrank back at his sudden appearance, and he was about to spring on them, behold, his foot caught in the folds of the black cloth that had been over the mirror and now lay on the ground, and, falling forward, he struck his head on the marble rim that ran round the charcoal stove, and having fallen with great force, lay there like a man dead. With loud cries of triumph, the Duke and Lorenzo, having drawn their swords, ran upon him; and the Duke planted his foot upon his neck, crying, 'Heaven sends a greater prize! At last, at last I have him! Bind his hands, Lorenzo.'

Lorenzo bound Antonio's hands as he lay there, a log for stillness. The Duke turned to the wizard, and a smile bent his lips. 'O faithful subject and servant!' said he. 'Well do you requite my mercy and forbearance, by harbouring my bitterest enemies and suffering them to hear my secret counsels. Had not Antonio chanced to trip, it is like enough he would have slain Lorenzo and me also. What shall be your reward, O faithful servant?'

When the Wizard of Baratesta beheld the look that was on Duke Valentine's face, he suddenly cried aloud, 'The mirror, the mirror!' and sank in a heap on the floor, trembling in every limb; for he remembered the aspect of his own face in the mirror, and knew that the hour of his death had come. And he feared mightily to die; therefore he besought the Duke very piteously, and told him again that from his hand alone could the drug receive its potency. And so earnest was he in this, that at last he half-won upon the Duke, so that the Duke wavered. And, as he doubted, his eye fell on Antonio; and he perceived that Antonio was recovering from his swoon.

'There is enough for two,' said he, 'in the phial; and we will put this thing to the test. But if you speak or move or make any sign whatever, in that moment you shall die.' Then the Duke poured half the contents of the phial into a glass and came to Lorenzo and whispered to him, 'If the drug works on him, and the wizard is proved to lie, the wizard shall die; but we will carry Antonio with us; and when

I have mustered my Guard, I will hang him in the square as I have sworn. But if the drug does not work, then we must kill him here; for I fear to carry him against his will; for he is a wonderful man, full of resource, and the people also love him. Therefore, if the operation of the drug fail, run him through with your sword when I give the signal.'

Now Antonio was recovering from his swoon, and he overheard part of what the Duke said, but not all. As to the death of the wizard he did not hear, but he understood that the Duke was about to test the effect of the drug on him, and that if it had no effect, he was to die; whereas, if its operation proved sufficient, he should go alive; and he saw here a chance for his life in case what the wizard had said should prove true.

'Drink, Antonio,' said the Duke softly. 'No harm comes to you. Drink: it is a refreshing draught.'

And Antonio drank the draught, the wizard looking on with parted lips and with great drops of sweat running from his forehead, and thence down his cheeks to his mouth, so that his lips were salt when he licked them. And the Duke, having seen that Lorenzo had his sword ready for Antonio, took his stand by the wizard with the dagger from his belt in his hand. And he cried to Antonio, 'Rise.' And Antonio rose up. The wizard started a step towards him; but the Duke showed his dagger, and said to Antonio, 'Will you go with me to Firmola, Antonio?'

And Antonio answered, 'I will go.'

'Do you love me, Antonio?' asked the Duke.

'Ay, my lord,' answered Antonio.

'Yet you have done many wicked things against me.'

'True, my lord,' said Antonio.

'Is your mind then changed?'

'It is, my lord,' said Antonio.

'Then leap two paces into the air,' said the Duke; and Antonio straightway obeyed.

'Go down on your knees and crawl,' and Antonio crawled, smiling secretly to himself.

Then the Duke bade Lorenzo mount Antonio on his horse; and he commanded the wizard to follow him; and they all went out where the horses were; and the three mounted, and the wizard followed; and they came to the end of the bridge. There the Duke turned sharp round and rode by the side of the rushing river. And, suddenly pausing, he said to Antonio, 'Commend thy soul to God and leap in.'

And Antonio commended his soul to God, and would have leaped in; but the Duke caught him by the arm even as he set spurs to his horse, saying, 'Do not leap.' And Antonio stayed his leap. Then the Duke turned his face upon the wizard, saying, 'The potion works, wizard. Why did you lie?'

Then the wizard fell on his knees, cursing hell and heaven; for he could not see how he should escape. For the potion worked. And Antonio wondered what should fall out next. But Duke Valentine leaped down from his horse and approached the wizard, while Lorenzo set his sword against Antonio's breast. And the

Duke, desirous to make a final trial, cried again to Antonio, 'Fling yourself from your horse.' And Antonio, having his arms bound, yet flung himself from his horse, and fell prone on the ground, and lay there sorely bruised.

'It is enough,' said the Duke. 'You lied, wizard.'

But the wizard cried, 'I lied not, I lied not, my lord. Slay me not, my lord! For I dare not die.'

But the Duke caught him by the throat and drove his dagger into his breast till the fingers that held the dagger were buried in the folds of the wizard's doublet; and the Duke pulled out the dagger, and, when the wizard fell, he pushed him with his foot over the brink, and the body fell with a loud splash into the river below.

Thus died the Wizard of Baratesta, who was famed above all of his day for the hidden knowledge that he had; yet he served not God, but Satan, and his end was the end of a sinner. And, many days after, his body was found a hundred miles from that place; and certain charitable men, brethren of my own order, gave it burial. So that he died that same night in which the mirror had shown him his face as the face of a dead man; but whence came the vision I know not.

#### ABOUT LENTILS.

SOME years ago there was quite a 'boom' in lentil soup among the Faculty, and much was heard of the nourishing qualities of this humble member of the Pulse family. Perhaps we consume more of it than we are aware, under some fanciful name or other; but as the Agricultural Department of the United States is taking steps to promote the cultivation in America—where the consumption of imported lentils is considerable—a little information on the subject may not be amiss.

Opinions, no doubt, have not always been agreed as to the food-value of the plant. Professor Johnston, of *The Chemistry of Common Life*, wrote that 'The bean, the pea, the lupin, the vetch, the lentil, and other varieties of pulse, contain, as a distinguishing character of the whole class, a large percentage of gluten mixed with a comparatively small percentage of fat. On an average, the proportion of gluten is about twenty-four, and of fat about two, in every hundred. The gluten of these kinds of grain resembles that of the oat, and does not, therefore, fit bean or pea meal for being converted into a spongy bread. The large proportion in which this ingredient is present in them, however, renders all kinds of pulse very nutritious.'

Another writer says: 'Notwithstanding the common use of lentils in cookery, there is no doubt that they are very unwholesome. They are not only hard and difficult of digestion, but were believed to have been the cause of the severe scrofulous disorders common in Egypt, where they are largely used.' But modern authorities incline to the belief that lentils are very nutritious and wholesome when eaten along with a proper admixture of fatty foods. Smith's *Dictionary of Economic Plants* refers to the meal

of lentils as 'very nutritious,' and as sold in this country as invalid food under the name of 'Revalenta.'

There are various kinds of lentils; but what is mostly used for food is the Common Lentil (*Lens esculenta*, better known as *Ervum lens*), which Smith describes as a weak, pea-like wing-leaved annual of the Bean family, cultivated in Egypt and Palestine from remote antiquity, its seeds being the lentil of Scripture spoken of in the time of Jacob, of which the red porridge given to Esau was made.

At one time the lentil was pretty extensively grown throughout most of the Continent of Europe, where the seeds have been long used by the peasants, either in the form of a thick soup, or served as a vegetable like beans. But to be a profitable crop it requires cheap land and cheap labour, as well as special conditions of soil and climate, so that the culture has come to be very much concentrated in Austria-Hungary and in Russia, though not altogether neglected in other parts.

The produce of Austria-Hungary—chiefly raised in the provinces of Moravia and Bohemia—is estimated at about half a million bushels annually. Consul Karel of Prague recently furnished the United States Department of Agriculture with some interesting information about the culture. Lentils, it seems, will not thrive in moisture, either of the soil or the atmosphere, and flourish best in a warm and dry climate, with a light sandy or loamy soil. In rich soil they yield more stalk than grain, produce more leaves and less blossom, and consequently yield fewer seeds. The soil intended for lentils is generally treated in the same way as that for peas. The ground should be manured and ploughed late in the Fall, for fresh manure is not good for the lentil. It does well in fallow soil, in soils which have been used for cereals, and especially after potatoes. Thoroughly ploughing and preparing the ground for sowing in the Fall, and then sowing in the spring, and lightly harrowing, is the best mode of cultivation. The seeds are only lightly covered. When the pods begin to grow yellow, harvesting begins, and the cutting is done with a blunt sickle.

Three varieties of lentil are grown in Bohemia—the Penny Lentil, considered the best, but which rapidly degenerates in poor soil; the Common Lentil; and the Black Lentil, small in seed, and not much in favour. The exports are to France, Germany, and the United States; but there is a large home consumption. The inferior kinds are ground into a flour called *Kraft-Mehl*, which is used as a stiffening for soups and sauces. The straw is esteemed for cattle-food, after being steeped in hot water. The best kinds are prepared for the table in a variety of ways. First, the skin is removed, as being indigestible; then they are boiled slowly for three hours till soft. After that, they are either mixed with chopped onions fried in butter, or mixed with raw *Sauerkraut*, or served up with sausage or smoked meat. In the Austrian restaurants a thick gravy is much esteemed which is made of lentils, flour, and finely chopped onions browned in butter, and is served with partridge or quail.

In Germany they seem to prefer lentils in

soup ; but another favourite form is as porridge, or pottage, of a dark-brown colour, considered the best food for a long journey. According to a German authority, the lentil contains 54·78 per cent. of starch and dextrin, 24·81 per cent. of albumen, 12·51 per cent. of water, 3·58 per cent. of cellulose, 2·47 per cent. of salt, and 1·85 per cent. of oil. And both in France and Germany lentil food is frequently prescribed by doctors for their patients.

In France, the consumption is very large, though not universal, for while in some provinces and towns lentil food is used as a staple by the peasantry and working-classes as both economical and nutritious, in other parts it is used only as an accessory. One thing which popularises the lentil in poor households is that a few ounces bought at market may, by judicious cooking, be made to fill a large dish. As an item in the French *pot-au-feu*, the lentil is ubiquitous ; and for nursing mothers it is believed by the peasant-women to be invaluable. Sometimes it is ground into flour and made into bread ; and it is said to be even used in the manufacture of coco and chocolate, but to what extent we are unaware.

We have it on the authority of Monsieur Vendroux of Calais that 'the north of France cultivates a rather large quantity of lentils for animal food, especially for horses. On almost every farm people sow, in September, a mixture called *hivernache*, composed of one-half of rye, one-fourth of vetch, and one-fourth of lentils. The crop is ripe in July, and in the autumn is reported to be one of the best stimulants for horses when they have the heaviest work to do. It spares the oats at the moment when oats are scarce, the old stock being exhausted, and the new crop not fit for feed. This mixture offers great advantages, because the rye has grain at the top of the bunch, vetch in the middle, and the lentils about one foot high give rich food at the bottom of the bunch, where the straw has rarely any nutritive qualities. If it is given whole, the animals find everywhere good food ; and if it is chopped, the mixture is more regular. Sometimes cows are fed with this *hivernache* when the meadow grasses are scarce and poor, and the milk at once becomes more plentiful and richer in butter.'

Why, then, only 'sometimes,' if the effects on a milch-cow are so good ? Because the lentil, being highly nitrogenous, is heating, and must not be given too liberally to any animals.

It is a curious fact, that although lentils are on sale in the shops and markets of most of the towns and villages of France, and are so extensively consumed, yet the introduction of lentil-food into the French navy almost produced a mutiny. The remonstrances were so 'strong' that beans had to be substituted.

The consumption in France far exceeds the production, and supplies are drawn from Moravia, Bohemia, Spain, and Chili. There is a fair output in Alsace-Lorraine ; but Germany takes it all, and has, besides, to import about twelve million pounds annually from Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Chili.

In Italy the cultivation is general, though

not extensive ; and there lentils are consumed by almost everybody, either in soup or cooked with meat, or made into bread.

In Russia, lentils are grown by the peasant-farmers in preference to pease, because they require less attention, and the straw is more valuable than pea-straw. Then they leave the earth in good condition for cereals. Thus the production is considerable, and there is a large surplus for export, for the crop is found to be both economically and technically profitable. The cultivation in Russia is extending year by year, and promises to be one of the most important of the agricultural industries.

In India the lentil is most extensively cultivated in the Central Provinces and in the Presidency of Madras, but it is found almost everywhere as a winter-crop. It is grown in the Punjab up to a height of five thousand feet. In Bengal it forms what is known as an inundation crop, sown in December and January, and reaped (not pulled) in March and April. In the North-west Provinces it is often sown while the rice-stalks are standing, and is allowed to grow up among them. While it is largely cultivated in the Central Provinces, a curious fact is that the Satnamic Chamars will have nothing to do with it because, they say, its red colour makes it resemble flesh !

The Indian ryot finds the lentil an easy crop to work, yielding—with irrigation—up to 960 pounds an acre from eighty pounds of seed, with little preliminary working and little attention. He eats it as *dal*, and flavours it with the aromatics dear to the Asiatic palate. He considers it the most nutritious of all the pulses, but not to be eaten too freely because of its heating qualities. He will even eat the young pod as a vegetable, while he preserves the dry leaves and stalks as fodder for his cow.

But it is in Egypt that the lentil crop is of most value, for in the Land of the Pharaohs the lentil forms one-sixth of the food of the people, besides being extensively exported to other countries. It is well suited to the soil and climate, as it requires little irrigation save what the Nile provides. The Egyptian lentils are reputed the best and most nutritious in the world. From Cairo to Assouan, the farmers of the Nile Valley regularly rotate the crop with wheat or maize, gathering it in about the end of April. Every peasant grows enough for his own consumption, making it into porridge, which he finds both wholesome and sustaining, and the cheapest food he can obtain. In Cairo, Alexandria, Ismailia, Suez, Port Said, and the other towns, the consumption in soup is very large. Most of the export goes to London, there to be converted into invalid or 'patent' food, under some fanciful name at a fanciful price.

In an article on the 'Lentil in Scotland' in this *Journal* for 1851, it was mentioned that a Frenchman resident in Edinburgh had succeeded in sowing a crop and bringing it to perfection near Queensferry. But in Great Britain the lentil has hardly yet taken the place to which its high food value entitles it. Still, considerable quantities are used like split peas to make lentil soup, than which there can be no more cheap or nourishing food for the people. Lentil meal, or ground lentils, may be used with

advantage; prepare like corn-flour, boil twenty minutes, and eat with stewed fruit. For the sake of those who may not have already tried lentil soup, we give the following plain receipt. To one pound of lentils add ten breakfast cupfuls of water, one onion, and a small piece of carrot and turnip; pepper and salt, and a small piece of butter, fresh dripping, or ham bone. Boil two and a half hours and strain. Some further receipts were given in an article in this *Journal* for 1879, entitled 'Lentils—Cheap Cookery.'

### THE GOVERNESS AT GREENBUSH.

#### CHAPTER III.

'WHAT did he do?'

They were the first faint words that fell from the bloodless lips, and Millicent was much too thankful to think twice of their meaning. Besides, she had things to ask the Governess. How was she now? Was her head too low? Had she hurt herself as she fell?

'What did he do?' repeated the faint voice, a little less faintly.

'Dear, I will tell you in a minute—'

'Tell me now. What did he do? Did he—remember?'

Millicent did her best to describe the effect of the song upon the man. She omitted nothing.

The Governess gave a great sigh. 'Thank God!' she said. 'There was no time to think. It was all on the spur of the moment. But I knew that you were there, and would see. And you saw all that; it was there for you to see!' She closed her eyes, and her lips moved in thanksgiving.

'Yes, I saw—his soul,' said Milly timidly; 'it is not dead. I saw more—I saw his love!'

The fair head shook. 'No; that must be dead.'

'Then why did it move him so? Why did he mind? What could the song be to him, if you were nothing? You are everything! Nothing—nothing is dead. But oh, my dear, what can have brought him to this?' The foolish question slipped out unguarded.

Miss Winfrey met it with a dumb, bewildered look, and then climbed feebly to her feet. 'I have,' she replied at length. 'I have brought him to this. But I'll bring him back from it, so help me Heaven!' And as she stood there, head on high, making the most of her last inch, Millicent again beheld the white, keen face touched for an instant with all the radiant exaltation of the Hosts of God.

'I might have known it,' continued Miss Winfrey, in a calmer, more contemplative tone. 'I knew him; I might have guessed the rest. Such troubles come and go with the ordinary young man, but Wilfred was never that. His name is Wilfred Ferrers, Milly—your Cattle-station Bill! As I have told you, his father was a country clergyman; and clergymen's sons are always the worst. Willie had been rather

wild before I knew him; he used to tell me all about it, for he was the most open-hearted boy in all the world, and could keep nothing to himself. If he could, he wouldn't; for sail under his true colours he must, he used to say, even if they were the black flag. But they weren't. His wildness was one-half high spirits, and the other half good-nature. But it showed the man. He had once—I almost smile when I remember how he was once before the magistrates for some reckless boyish folly at the hospital! He would stick at nothing; but he used to say that I could do what I liked with him, make what I would of him. And what have I made?' cried the unhappy girl, with a sudden storm of sobs. 'A broken heart—a broken life!' She sank down at one of the desks, threw her arms upon the slope, and wept passionately. But suddenly again she sat up, rapped the desk with her knuckles, and looked resolutely, masterfully at Millicent, out of her streaming eyes.

'What am I saying? I've said more than I mean. What I have done, I can undo; what I have ruined, I can redeem. This is no coincidence, Milly. Never tell me that! It is God's plan. He in His mercy means me to repair my wrong. He has given me this chance. . . . I am going to my own room, Milly. I want you to leave me alone, dear. I want to thank Him on my knees. And then—and then—the good God will teach me how to act!'

She was entirely unstrung. Millicent led her to her room and made her lie down. Then the younger girl brought luncheon on a tray, and the Governess ate without seeming to know what she did. The afternoon she spent alone with her emergency. The homestead was very quiet. The young men were still away. The first sounds that penetrated to the darkened room were the merry voices of the returning children. By this time Miss Winfrey had broken the back of her dilemma. She now arose, and going forth in her right mind, found Millicent hovering near the door. The girls linked arms, and sauntered in the home-paddock till dinner-time.

'Here are his tracks,' cried Millicent, stopping as they intersected her road. 'His galloping tracks!'

The Governess had not the bush-girl's eye for a trail. To her, one hoof-mark was like another, and they honeycombed the road in millions. But she followed Milly's finger with thoughtful eyes, and presently she put a question: 'How far is it to the cattle station?'

'Fourteen miles.'

'Five to the township, and—'

'Nine beyond. You turn to the left, and take the bridle-path to the right. Then you come to a gate. Then you cross a five-mile paddock; and it's half-way across the next one, close to the left-hand fence.'

'Thank you. I shall go and see him.'

'When he gets back?'

'Gets back! Where from?'

'The township,' said Milly reluctantly.

'Did he look to you as though he were going there?'

'I—I thought so; but I daresay I was wrong. I'm sure I was!' cried Millicent.

'I wish I were sure,' said Miss Winfrey with a sigh. 'Yes, dear,' she added, 'I shall wait until he gets back.'

A voice said close behind them: 'The dinner is getting cold!'

The voice was Mrs Pickering's. In the soft sand they had heard no step. Both girls changed colour, and in Mrs Pickering's eye there was a curious light. But she had never been more civil to Miss Winfrey than at dinner that night; and after dinner she clamoured for a song. This was almost unprecedented. And the song she wanted was the song which she had heard in the distance that afternoon. But the Governess made her excuses, and went early to her own room.

An hour later there was a tentative, light knock at Miss Winfrey's door; and no answer. Mrs Pickering knocked again and louder. She carried a lighted candle; her hand trembled, and the hot grease spattered the floor. There was still no answer, so the lady tried the door. It was unlocked. She walked in. 'I thought so!' muttered Mrs Pickering, in a triumphant tone. She passed her candle over the untouched bed; she poked it into the empty corners; and it was some minutes before she could bring herself to quit the deserted room that filled her with so shrewd a sense of personal satisfaction.

Her satisfaction was only too well founded. It was then just eleven, and at that very hour the indomitable Miss Winfrey was tramping into view of the township lights. These were few enough at such an hour. The grog-shanties alone were still lit up. But the grog-shanties were precisely the places which Miss Winfrey intended to reconnoitre, and she began with the one which enjoyed the coaching patronage. It was here that she had seen him—little dreaming whom she saw—lying face downward, on the very day of her arrival. It was here that she might find him now.

She approached the hotel with a tardy access of reasonable caution. The veranda was empty—as empty as the township street—and that was fortunate. The girl's heart was failing her for the first time. But though it beat and beat, it did not beat her out of an idea that scared her even as she prepared to act upon it then and there. She slipped off her shaking shoes; she took them in her trembling hand, and she crept along the dark veranda to the flaring, noisy bar, and peeped through the open door to make sure that he was not there.

He was not. There was no man whom she recognised, save a Greenbush rabbiter, a hulking blackbeard, widely known as Fat Frank. Fat Frank was dangerously drunk. He was ruling that bar with a rough, roystering humour but indifferently reflected on the other faces which passed the Governess's quick scrutiny. A belated thought now stung her: suppose her old lover had been there, what could she have done? Gone in among that godless crew? At the bare idea, her head swam, an involuntary cry escaped her lips, and in the deadly stillness that followed she heard her heart thump once. Before its next beat she had taken to her stocking heel, fled from the veranda, and doubled to the back of the hotel.

But a drunken voice was after her. It called on her to stop; it gained upon her; it pressed her with horrid protestations shouted out for all the township to hear. In the yard there stood a haystack in the angle of two wire fences. The girl squeezed through the wires and hid behind the stack. Again she heard her own heart; it was a dark night; she had perplexed her pursuer, and silenced his voice.

Suddenly, to her horror, she heard the wires jingling to her left: instantly she got through those on her right; but she left them jingling too, and the drunken voice, storming and blaspheming now, followed in full cry as she reached the open street. Moreover, it was alone. The fraternity in the bar had been glad to get rid of Fat Frank.

Yet the unhappy girl could not take refuge in the hotel. She would be recognised—the thought was insupportable. She had but one friend in the township—Miss Crisp, the post-mistress—an early acquaintance with whom the girl had since forgathered more than once after riding in with some of her pupils for the mail. So to the post-office she sped like an arrow; but Fat Frank sang after her like a round-shot; and the nearer she came, the clearer was it that Miss Crisp was in bed and asleep. Yet the voice was gaining on her. And even if the door was locked, there was more safety on that friendly door-step than in the middle of the empty street.

The chase had a singular termination. As the girl pushed open the wicket-gate in front of the post-office, her ears told her that her pursuer had suddenly dropped behind.

'You old hag!' shouted the thick voice hoarsely. 'I've a mind to smash you! To run like that! Who'd have thought it was you?'

At the same instant the post-mistress unlocked the front door, and stood on the threshold with a lighted lamp in her hand, and her kind face wrinkled with surprise and concern. 'Come in, come in,' she said. 'Thank goodness, I heard the brute!—What—bless the lot of us!—it's never Miss Winfrey?'

'It is,' said the Governess, with a wan smile and a hand on her heart. 'And I don't want you to ask what I'm doing here, please; I want you only to—help me!'

The post-mistress pushed her pale visitor into a chair; she had already locked the door again. 'Miss Winfrey, I won't mention this to a soul.'

'Thank you.'

'But I'll make you some tea this minute!'

'God bless you!'

'No, no; save your breath, my dear. Let's call it the middle of the afternoon; let's say you've just popped in for five-o'clock tea! It won't take long, my dear, it won't take long.'

It took exactly five minutes. Meantime, the girl recovered—put on her shoes—and made up her mind. Her hand was on the plough; she might not take it away; but to proceed with success, she must be disingenuous now. Her woman's wit discerned the way. 'Was that—was that Cattle-station Bill who was running after me?'

'Bill? Not it. I know Bill; he wouldn't do such a thing, drunk or sober.'

The girl's heart leaped. 'But he's in the township, isn't he?'

'Not he.'

'Are you positive?'

'Quite. He's back at his hut, for I saw him go—galloping like a mad thing!'

'What time was that?'

'Between four and five.'

'And you think he's safe at his hut?' said Miss Winfrey, who knew that the cattle station was nothing more.

'I'm convinced he is; he was going that way, at all events.'

'Then I'll go back to mine,' said Miss Winfrey, smiling; and she rose and took leave of her benefactor with a grateful kiss. 'Poor thing,' she thought, as she walked away; 'I am a nice one to accept her kindness! But there was no reason to tell her anything now; and what was there to tell? Nothing has happened—yet!' and she gazed at the white southern stars, and felt that the gorgeous night was big with her fate.

She made an elaborate *détour*, and struck the main road once more considerably to the left of the township. That amounted to the same thing as turning to the left through the township street. She now stood still to rehearse the remainder of Milly's directions, which she had by heart. She was to take the bridle-path to the right, which would bring her to a gate; she was then to cross a five-mile paddock; and—and that was enough for the present.

The bridle-path was easily found. It brought her to the gate without let or panic. But by this time the girl had walked many miles, and her feet were very sore. So she perched herself upon the gate, and watched an attenuated moon float clear of the inhospitable sand-hills, and sail like a silver gondola on a sombre sea. But as the ache left her feet, it crept into her heart with all the paralysing wonder as to what she should say and do when at last she found her poor love. And immediately she jumped down and continued her tramp; for she was obliged to do what she was doing, only it was easier to walk, than to look, ahead.

The thin moon was much higher when its wan rays shone once more upon the wires of a fence running right and left into the purple walls of the night. There were no trees now. The vague immensity of the plains was terrifying to the imaginative girl, who had felt for some time as if she were walking by a miracle upon a lonely sea: a miracle that might end any moment: a sea that supported her on sufferance capriciously. But with the fence and the gate came saner thought, and a clear sight of the true occasion for fear and trembling. She was now within two or three miles of the hut. What was she to do when she got there? She did not know, she would not think. She would get there first, and trust in her God.

She went through this gate without resting; she was no longer conscious of bodily pains. She followed up the fence on the left, according to Milly's directions, walking at the top of

her speed for half an hour. Then all at once she trembled and stood still: there was the hut. It was as though it had risen out of the ground, so sudden was the sight of it, standing against the fence, end-on to her, scarce a hundred yards from where she was. She got no further just then; the courage of her act forsook her at the last. She had no more strength of heart or limb, and she sank to the ground with a single sob. The slip of a moon was sickening in a sallow sky when the girl stood up next.

The dawn put new life in her will. She would wait till sunrise before she made a sound. Meanwhile, if the hut door was open, she would perhaps peep in. The door was open; there was a faint light within; she could see it through the interstices of the logs as she approached; it also fell in a sickly, flickering beam upon the sand without. And after a little, she did peep in: to see a 'slush-lamp' burning on the table, and, in the wretched light of it, the figure of a man, with his bare arms and hidden face upon the table too. He seemed asleep; he might be dead.

'Wilfred!'

He was alive. The white face flashed upon her: the wild eyes started and stared: the bare arms rose, and then the man himself, unsteadily, to his feet. 'Then it was you I heard—singing that song!'

'Yes, Wilfred.'

'It is unbelievable. I've dreamt it often enough, but— Yes, it's you! You've found me out.'

'By accident, yes; I had no idea of it until to-day.'

She was terrified at his eyes: they hungered, and were yet instinct with scorn. He stuck his spurred foot upon the box which had been his seat, and leaned forward, looking at her, with his brown arms folded across his knee. 'And now?' he said.

She took one step, and laid her warm hands upon his arms, and looked up at him with flaming face, with quivering lips, with streaming eyes. 'And now,' she whispered, 'I am ready to undo the past—'

'Indeed!'

'To make amends—to keep my broken word!'

He looked at her a moment longer, and his look was very soft. He had heard her singing, but neither the song nor the voice had done more than remind him of her. And yet the mere reminder had carried him through the township with a live cheque in his pocket—had kept him sitting up all night with his false love's image once more unveiled in his heart. Here by a miracle was his love herself; she loved him now—now that she had made him unworthy of her love! Little wonder that he looked softly at her for a moment more; and the next, still less wonder that he flung those hot hands from him, and kicked the box from under his foot, and recoiled with a mocking laugh from the love that had come too late.

'Keep what you like,' he cried out with a brutal bitterness. 'Only keep your pity to yourself! I don't want it now; but I reckon you may!'

And the girl was still staring at him, in a dumb agony, an exquisite torture, when the smack of a riding-whip resounded on the corrugated roof, and the eyes of both flew in amazement to the door.

## PLOUGHING OXEN.

How fast the world moves! We have on us the steam-plough, destined, maybe, to supersede the horse as the motive-power, and it is only comparatively recently that the horse has displaced the ox. One of the lovely little sculptures on Giotto's campanile at Florence represents a ploughman driving a pair of oxen; and the ox at the plough may be seen still on the Continent very generally, but has been universally supplanted in England by the horse.

Among the numerous representations of the months that figured in medieval sculpture, stained glass, and drawing in manuscript, the plough drawn by oxen is sometimes the symbol of January. The earliest of these is in the series engraved by Strutt, from a manuscript calendar of the tenth century. In that, January is represented by men ploughing with four oxen. One man in front drives; another holds the plough; and another behind scatters seed. On the sides of the façade of the cathedral of Lucca, however, the ploughing operation with oxen is the symbol for November; and it is so also in a curiously engraved calendar of the fifteenth century in the writer's possession.

There can be little doubt that the ox was the earliest beast employed for the plough. A white bull and a white cow were yoked together to draw the furrow for making the walls of Rome. Greeks and Romans employed oxen in ploughing; asses only for sandy soils. When the ploughman had finished his day's labour, he turned the instrument upside down, and the oxen went home dragging its tail and handles over the surface of the ground—a scene described by Horace. The yoking together of ox and ass was expressly forbidden by the law of Moses, and is made the ground of a ludicrous comparison by Plautus. Ulysses, when he feigned madness in order to avoid going on the Trojan expedition, ploughed with an ox and a horse together.

In the west of England the custom of yoking oxen to the plough went out at the beginning of this century; a very few old men can remember how, as boys, they were employed with the goad to urge on the oxen; hardly any recall having held the plough to them.

One evening, four years ago, I was sitting in winter in an inn kitchen on Dartmoor, in the settle, beside a huge fire of heaped-up and glowing peat. Several moormen were present, having their ale, talking over politics, the weather, the condition of the turf harvest the preceding season, the cattle, the horses that ran wild on the moor, when one old fellow said: 'I reckon there's none o' you here ever seed oxen yoked to a plough.' None had. He continued: 'Ay, but I ha' driven them when I were a mite o' a boy—

With my hump along! jump along!  
Here drives my lad along,

Pretty, Sparkle, Merry,  
Good-luck, Speedwell, Cherry!  
We are the lads that can follow the plough !

This he sang with a robust voice, to a pleasant fresh snatch of melody.

'What is that you are singing?' said I.

'It's an old song of us ploughboys. Six oxen we drove, and that's their names—Pretty, Sparkle, Merry, and the rest.'

'Do you know any more of the song?'

'Let me see—for, bless me, it's miles o' years since I were a little chap and could sing it. But you see when the horses came in and oxen went out, there was no call for the song any more.' And then, again, he added in a plaintive tone: 'I reckon ploughmen ain't as merry as they used to be. Us used to sing like larks; now, us grumbles and growls like bears.'

'Come, give us the old song.'

The old fellow passed his hand through his gray hair and screwed up his lips. His face, exposed to moor-storms, was brown as a chestnut. Presently he shook his head: 'It begins somehow like this:

Prithee, lend your jocund voices,  
For to listen we're agreed;  
Come and sing of songs the choicest,  
Of the life the ploughboys lead.'

Then he broke down. 'I can do no more,' he said sorrowfully. 'It's more than sixty years since I've sung that song, and now it's gone from me.'

The old man was right in what he said of the cheerfulness of the ploughman in former days. There are a good many folk-songs in England relative to the occupation of the agriculturist, not one that has in it a note of repining over his lot. All are buoyant with happiness, sparkling with delight in Nature and in their occupation. In vain does a collector go among the labouring class to find some song indicative of discontent. I remember an old fellow asking me one day if I knew *The Poor Man's Lament*. I pricked up my ears. Now, thought I, for the proletariat's wail of dissatisfaction. But the song was about a henpecked man. The only complaint the poor man had was that his wife gave him too much of her tongue.

For four years the snatch of the song of the ploughboys with their six oxen had haunted me. I went in search of that song everywhere, among all my old cronies of 'songmen.' Hardly a man of the age of seventy to ninety but had heard it when he was a boy; but none could recollect it in its entirety, melody and all the verses, and their memories were faulty; they could not give the scraps of melodies alike.

Another day I was in a cottage where were two very old men: a little thatched cottage, in a dell overshadowed by trees, the hazels growing as tall as the cottage, with their nuts browning and ready to fall. Above the woods towered granite crested sides—the spurs of the moor. The cottage was beautifully clean, though very spare of furniture. In one corner, in the dark, sat an old man with inflamed eyes. He had suffered much in them, and almost lost his sight; then had had an operation performed, that had failed. He sat, accordingly, in the dark, every now and then putting his blue-spotted kerchief to his

cheeks to wipe off the involuntary tears that ran from his eyes. In the great fireplace, on a three-legged stool, sat another old man with a round childish face. These two aged men lived in the cottage together. They were brothers-in-law; the wife or wives were dead, and they had no children to care for them. The parish allowed each half-a-crown a week, and on this they subsisted. We talked about old times and old songs, and they sung me, in their feeble quavering notes, some ballads. Then I asked if by chance they knew the song of the Oxen ploughing.

'My brother-in-law does,' said the nearly blind man. Then the round-faced one looked into the pot of potatoes that was boiling over the peat-fire, and having satisfied himself that progress was being made in the stew, he began to cudgel his brain. He was half-childish, and when he began to think, his face assumed a distressed expression. Presently he began :

'In the heat of the daytime  
It's but little we can do;  
We lie by our oxen  
For an hour, or for two,  
By the banks of sweet violets  
I take my noon tide rest.'

Then he came to a pause.

'Go on, John,' said his brother-in-law encouragingly.

The childish old creature shook his head.

'Go on—you know it :

And I can kiss a pretty girl  
As hearty as the rest.'

'I cannot do it!—I cannot do it!' said the old fellow, and leaned his gray head disconsolately against the granite jamb of the fireplace.

Again and again have I been balked in trying to get the song. Perhaps my worst disappointment was this. I was assured that there was a man at Liskeard, in Cornwall, who knew the song, and could sing it through. He had been a bell-ringer, and had sung this song annually at the ringers' feast. So I packed my portmanteau and went to Liskeard after him. After some search I found his house, to learn that he had been speechless for three days, and that his death was momentarily expected.

However, to those who hold to a purpose, what they want comes at length. There was, I heard, in a certain parish in Cornwall, a wise man; that is to say, one who charmed warts, who stanched blood, struck ulcers and white swellings, and told where lost articles were to be found. He had no other fixed occupation, but he did a little scratch work now and then for farmers. As I was staying in the same place, I thought I would visit the man and have a chat with him. He lived entirely alone, and when I went to his cottage, I found it locked; but a woman informed me he was reaping bracken at the edge of a wood not far off; so I went after him in the direction indicated, and found a patriarchal man, with hair as white as snow, a long white beard, bright dark eyes, and a hawk-like nose. After some talk together, I happened to mention the song of which I was in quest.

'Oh!' said he quickly, 'I know and can sing it.'

So I got it at last. Leaning back in the sun among the tall fern, with the burnished-backed flies buzzing round, I learned of him both words

and air, and here at length are the words complete :

Prithee, lend your jocund voices,  
For to listen we're agreed;  
Come sing of songs the choicest,  
Of the life the ploughboys lead.  
There are none can live so merry  
As the ploughboy does in spring,  
When he hears the sweet birds whistle,  
And the nightingales to sing.  
With my hump along! jump along!  
Here drives my lad along!  
Pretty, Sparkle, Berry,  
Good-luck, Speedwell, Cherry!  
We are the lads that can follow the plough.

For it's, O my little ploughboy,  
Come awaken in the morn,  
When the cock upon the dunghill  
Is ablowng of his horn.  
Soon the sun above Brown Willy\*  
With his golden face will show;  
Therefore, haster to the linney [cowshed],  
Yoke the oxen to the plough.  
With my hump along! &c.

In the heat of the daytime  
It's but little we can do;  
We will lie beside our oxen  
For an hour, or for two.  
On the banks of sweet violets  
I'll take my noon tide rest,  
And I can kiss a pretty girl  
As hearty as the rest.  
With my hump along! &c.

When the sun at eve is setting  
And the shadows fill the vale,  
Then our throttles we'll be wetting  
With the farmer's humming ale;  
And the oxen home returning,  
We will send into the stall.  
Where the logs and turf are burning,  
We'll be merry ploughboys all.  
With my hump along! &c.

Oh, the farmer must have seed, sirs,  
Or I swear he cannot sow;  
And the miller with his mill-wheel  
Is an idle man also;  
And the huntsman gives up hunting,  
And the tradesman stands aside,  
And the poor man bread is wanting;  
So 'tis we for all provide.  
With my hump along! &c.

#### THE TRINIDAD TREASURE,

AND HOW IT WAS FOUND.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

THERE may be others of the trade practising on this planet, but I don't think it. There are amateurs certainly, and mighty expensive and unprofitable their efforts have proved; but if there were another professional besides myself, I fancy his operations must have come to my ears. So I take it that I am the only man now living who makes an exclusive occupation of Treasure-hunting, and I am thankful for the monopoly. Competition wouldn't stimulate me. The excitement of the chase is quite enough to string up my nerves to full concert pitch as it is; and in case of organised competition, I should promptly retire from business. There isn't enough lost and hidden

\* The highest mountain in Cornwall.

treasure existent to make it worth while for two men to work at it as systematic hunters.

My terms are these: An entirely free hand; all outlay prepaid; and eighteen per cent. of the proceeds in case of success. I was not brought up to the profession. Indeed, I invented it myself. Originally, I was in the wool business; had worked up to the grade of Continental and American traveller in Bradford manufactured goods; and was making fifteen hundred a year when I switched off into the new sphere. Perhaps it isn't so steadily profitable, but it's much more to my taste.

The first client I worked for was a woman, and it was she who first gave me an idea of turning Treasure-hunting into a regular expert business. We met on the *Laconic* coming East from New York, and it was a tip, the head-steward, and the purser which together combined to change my fate. For a great wonder, I had no acquaintances on board; but there was a good-looking girl who had caught my eye, and I backsheeshed the head-steward to fix matters so that I might be placed next her at table—accidentally. It was cheap at two dollars. Her name was Perugini.

We were in easy conversation before the entrée came. It was her first whiff of salt water, the weather was rough, and she was naturally proud of being one of the few to turn up at the first day's dinner. We chummed a good deal, Miss Perugini and I, and she stood in with me over two pools on the run, which brought us in a small matter of fifty dollars; but it was not till we were half-way across that we got on the treasure-hunting tack. Then it was quite by accident. A Wall Street man, our *vis-à-vis*, who had that day put in his first appearance at luncheon, brought up the subject of Trinidad. Whilst lying on his back, he had been reading up a parcel of newspapers, and seemed anxious to give us a *précis* of their contents. He reeled off accounts of several lynchings, and some fires, and a yacht-race or two; and then touched a new topic.

'Another expedition to Trinidad, so I see by the *World*,' he said. 'The story of that buried treasure from Chili, or wherever it was, is a just elegant bait. The *World* says this makes the fourth gang of adventurers who have beaten a way out there, and landed through the surf and tried to realise those effects.'

Miss Perugini laughed. 'Four, sir? Say twenty-four, and you'll be nearer the mark. I guess only a few have written a history of their escapade: the majority concluded to go and come *incognito*. Their reason was mighty obvious. If they were successful, they would have to face the question of getting the treasure across the borders of some civilised State. It wouldn't quite suit their ticket to sail into the Custom-house with such a cargo, and fill in a paper of origin; because Government claims would waltz in; and if the finders were given a few odd nickels for their pains, they might think themselves mighty lucky. On the other hand, if they were unsuccessful, I guess they could do for themselves all the ridicule they'd any use for without the newspapers chipping in to help.'

When we had gone out upon the bridge deck, and were stowed in a couple of steamer-chairs which I had dragged under the lee of one of the boats, I tackled the subject again.

'You seem to know something about this Chilian treasure?'

'Probably more than any person alive, Mr Clough. But to begin with, the treasure wasn't Chilian at all. It came from Lima, which is in Peru, in the days when Lima was called the City of Kings. At the beginning of this century that country was in revolution against Spain, and loot to the tune of twenty millions of your English pounds was gathered in the cathedral and churches, and shipped from Callao. Most of it fell into the hands of your Lord Cochrane and his squadron. But one schooner managed to give his ships the slip, and she ran south round the Horn, made up-coast, and then got wrecked on Trinidad, a small island seven hundred miles off the Brazilian coast. There her crew buried the treasure. Afterwards, they were taken off by a man-of-war, and because they couldn't give a good account of themselves, they were hanged as pirates. All, that is, with the exception of one boy, who was spared because he was young, but who afterwards became old, and on his death-bed told a Newcastle sea-captain about the spot where the treasure was buried. Directly and indirectly that boy is responsible for many fruitless expeditions. Adventurers went to Trinidad at much pains and cost, often looked in the right place, but none of them found the loot. And I guess they'd be pretty tearing wild if they knew why.'—Miss Perugini raised her eyes to the greasy coils of reek which were coming out of the smoke-stack, and laughed.

'Wasn't it there?'

'Nossir. I guess every knob had been carefully toted away years before those later heroes put spade into the landslip which they say has swamped the *cache*.'

'Then do you know where the stuff went to?'

'I ought to,' she said slowly. 'My own Gram-pa got it; and what's left belongs to me.' Only thing is, I don't know where it's stowed away.'

I stared at her in a good deal of astonishment, she still watching the smoke which billowed out from the furnaces below. Suddenly she turned her glance down and looked me squarely in the face.

'See here, Mr Clough; I was warned against steamer-acquaintances; but I believe you're a white. You did well for me in that pool deal, and you're a business man besides. Will you help me in something else? There's pretty nearly half a million dollars' worth of jewels hoarded up for me if I can find them. If they keep hid, I shall be about broke. I ante'd up all I'd left to get a saloon passage over here; and if that hoard doesn't show, I guess I shall have to go back to Virginia and roll cigarettes in Richmond for a living. That's not an unladylike employment, and the cigarette girls usually marry well. But I don't hanker after it: I guess I'd rather you found me that pile—on commission, of course.'

'My dear young lady,' I said, 'as you mentioned just now, I'm a business man, and therefore you mustn't expect me to pin myself

to anything in the dark. But if you care to explain further, and if I find that I can help you, why, then, I will with all the pleasure in life.

'That's sense ; and I like you better for not jumping at once. See here, Mr Clough, I'm going to begin telling you about my affairs right away, and then you can judge whether it's worth your while to stand in.

'Grampà was the first of our crowd to be mixed up with this treasure. He grabbed it, and he hid it. Grampà was an Italian, who found it convenient to live in the West Indian Islands because of political complications in other countries. He called himself a sculptor ; but I fancy he wasn't much account at his trade. Father let on to me once he was one of those sculptors who tote round plaster hogs and cathedrals stuck to a soft-wood platform over their heads, and peddle them down side-blocks. That's what Grampà was. You see he was two generations back, so I don't mind telling you. Father's enough ancestry for me.

'Well, to go on ; some pirates were hanged on one of the islands—Jamaica, I think it was—and Grampà and some other men got to know where they'd a big hoard put by ; and after a bit he and three friends got a slip of a schooner and went over to Trinidad and dug it up. One of the lot was a Spanish *padre*, and I guess he must have got the secret from a scared pirate in the confessional, and found it too big to carry under his own girdle. But that doesn't matter. Grampà and the other gentlemen shared the news and got the treasure on to their schooner ; and then their difficulties began. There was hardly a dollar of it in money : there wasn't a shin-plaster in notes. It was all in gold candlesticks, and jewelled crucifixes, and bars of silver, and goldsmiths' "notions" ; and if Grampà and his friends tried to negotiate boddle of that kind at a Custom-house, they knew they might anticipate trouble. You see, they were none of them gentlemen with unimpeachable connections : they were all more known than respected.

'Each had his own ideas as to the best course of procedure, and each put them forward with warmth. Whilst they were arguing, the *padre* tumbled overboard, and I fancy he must have had some lead put into him, which made him sink. So there were only three of them left to split the plunder—and, by way of preliminary, they picked all the jewels from their settings. Then they melted up all the saints and the crucifixes and the ewers and other trifles into ingots, which would be far less easily sworn to. By which time, being fairly starved off the high seas, they put into St Thomas's and revictualled.

'Getting safely out of there, they ran north across the Gulf, heading for Mobile, in Alabama, where Grampà had political friends ; but I'm afraid they must have gone at the corn whisky too freely, because one night two of them woke up to find that the other had piled up the schooner. She was hard on a reef of coral near the Dry Tortugas at the end of Florida ; and as they couldn't get her off, they sat down for a hand of poker to fill in time. The game was slow for a while, but it

finished up excitingly. Grampà was lucky enough to deal both his friends fours at one time. That made them raise all they were worth ; and when they found he held a royal straight, it was very natural that guns should come out.

'Grampà wasn't touched himself ; but both his friends were hurt ; and in consequence, when he took the small boat, with the bundle of jewels inside his shirt, and most of the gold under the floor-boards for ballast, neither of them could prevent him leaving them. But they said things as he rowed away which kinder put a scare into him after he'd got ashore, and cramped his future efforts.

'Perhaps that's why he didn't blossom out into a millionaire right away. As it was, he got to Charlotte Harbour, then to Tallahassee, and tried back at his old trade. For the next two years Grampà sculpted for all he was worth, and he peddled plaster saints and lapdogs till there wasn't an empty bracket left in all Florida or Southern Georgia. He just made that sculpture business boom.

'The dollars he made at this seemed to put confidence into him again ; and at the end of those two years he worked North, and began to realise on his ingots. He didn't do it all at once, you understand ; and he didn't walk at the tail of a brass band whilst he was hawking those melted-up candlesticks and alms-dishes. Nossir ; I guess Grampà was the most uncommunicative man in the United States whilst he was getting that gold off his hands. And even when it was gone, and represented only by stocks and shares and bankers' balance, he didn't feel easy. The thought of those two partners he'd left perforated on the schooner kinder haunted him. He felt America was too noisy for his nerves. So he packed his trunks and went to England, where he married and settled down. The gentleman who afterwards became my father was his only child.'

'And in prosaic England,' said I, 'all danger naturally ceased ?'

'Nossir. Grampà thought so, and that's where he made his big mistake. It was thirty years after that argument on the Florida coral reef that those gentlemen called on him ; and because he wasn't ready for them, he got killed.

'After that, the rest of the family concluded to try the States. They weren't in very flourishing circumstances, because Grampà had spent up pretty clean all he'd made out of the gold. He'd never realised upon the jewels ; but where they were stowed none of the family could discover. After the other gentlemen had knifed him, and he lay on the grass gasping, he tried to tell father all about it ; but by the time he'd assured him that the stones were all close by and untouched, he was just through with this life, and couldn't communicate further. Father hunted, you bet ; but the job was too big for him. He couldn't knock the bottom out of that *cache* ; and when funds failed him, he concluded to run over to the States and recuperate. He took on the dry-goods line, but he never got much above clerking, and never had a chance of ferreting out that secret. I guess he wasn't much account at business.'

'And now poor father's dead, Mr Clough, and

I'm his heiress, I guess the tangle's a bit too steep for me as well. So I come to you. If you've *surveyed* enough to pull dollars out of an operation on steamer pools, I guess you can make this other mine pan out a good dividend, if you'll only put *Try* into the workings.'

I shook my head. The story was interesting enough; but she had dropped not the vaguest clue as to where the jewels could possibly be stowed. One couldn't go and dig up the whole surface of England systematically. To begin with, people live on certain patches of it, and might resent having their castles and acres disturbed. I put this to Miss Perugini delicately.

'If,' she replied dryly enough, 'the loot was to be had for the picking up, I guess, sir, I should have gone and fingered it myself, and not asked anybody's help.'

I laughed. 'That's likely. But still, can't you bring the limits of the search a bit narrower?'

'Why, yes. I take it that the stones are hid somewhere on the place which my Grampà bought in Lincolnshire. In fact, he said that much before he died.'

'Come, this is better already. And do you still own this estate? And, by the way, where is it?'

'Dangay Fen, near Boston. But it isn't mine now. Father sold it when he left for the States. He felt he needed capital to start on.'

This was another facer. I'd a very elementary notion of the law of treasure-trove in those days; but I imagined if this hoard did by any chance turn up, it would either belong to the present holder of the soil, or else revert to the Crown. Indeed, so confident was I that the whole thing was a bubble, that I shouldn't have entertained it seriously for a moment ashore. But on an Atlantic steamer one acts differently. Time is apt to drag, and a fixed interest is a distinct boon—especially when there is a remarkably pretty girl linked with it, whose manners are to say the least of them *piquant*. So I asked her to describe this place which proved to be Dangay Fen, near Boston.

'Describe? I guess I can go better than that. Look here.' She produced a bunch of photographs strapped with an india-rubber band. There must have been eighty of them. 'A gentleman who was touring over in Britain last fall, took these for me.'

Now, to tell the truth, it was these photographs and not Miss Perugini which gave me my first real deep interest in the pursuit.

On the run between Queenstown and Holyhead a light began to dawn upon me; and as the pilot took us up through the shipping and shoals of the Mersey beyond, I saw my way to making Miss Perugini a definite proposal of terms. But we had many talks together before it came to that. Photographs in hand we went over the estate of Dangay Fen inch by inch; and my first client told me how her father had rummaged the whole place from cellar to rafter; had sounded the walls and probed the bureaux; had raised floors and flagstones; had cut down and split the timber of the park; had wrenched the very roof-tiles from their lodgments. He had even—in memory, I suppose, of the Persian monarch—drained the pond round

the fountain in front of the house, in the vain hope of finding a concealed treasure-chamber beneath its weedy waters. But the floor of the pond was plebeian mud, and the effort was his last one. At that point he gave up the quest, and sought fortune dry-goods-wise elsewhere, as has been already stated.

Now it struck me that father had been prosecuting his search upon an entirely wrong principle. He felt English himself, and he acted as though his worthy parent were an Englishman also. A man of England, if he wants to hide something valuable, would very naturally dig in the ground, or delve a hole in a tree, or burrow in the walls of his house, or hoist a particularly heavy hearthstone and grovel out with the tongs his hoarding-place under that. Englishmen are not apt to dabble in the finer niceties of imagination.

On the other hand, the average Italian may be weak when it comes to the technique of secreting, but in the plotting and planning part he will be very much all there. (I used to travel for my firm a good deal in Northern Italy, so I can speak appreciatively.) Moreover, the original Signor Perugini of Trinidad, Jamaica, and elsewhere, was, as his grand-daughter frankly admitted, a violent professional conspirator. *Finesse* was part of his nature.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I began to see my way more clearly. As I proved many a time in my after-practice, it helps one vastly when you can gauge accurately the character of your hider.

I worked through the photographs again, putting myself in the standpoint of Perugini senior, arguing over each, and discarding one after another. I fined them down to half-a-dozen, then to three, and then, with a start, I found myself holding one of the prints, wondering why ever I had not thought of something before which came before me so vividly then. We were just making our number to the signal station on Holyhead when I told Miss Perugini that I fancied pretty strongly that I could locate her hidden treasure to a matter of eight or nine inches.

'Say,' she exclaimed, 'you mean that?' 'If things are as they were, and if the loot hasn't been reloaded, I'm going Nap on what I told you.'

'Mr Clough,' she observed, 'you're just the nicest man I know.'

There was delay after this, because I had to go to Bradford to report on business, and it was a week before I could slip away to Lincolnshire. Miss Perugini was at the Dangay Fen waiting for me; and as we dined together in the growing dark, we saw across the fenland the lamplight kindle in the windows of the Hall.

'There's only a caretaker in charge,' she explained to me. 'We won't disturb him if we can help it. We'll stay here till midnight, and then go.'

'We?' I questioned. 'My dear young lady, it wouldn't be proper at that time of night, and it mightn't be safe. You must stay behind.'

I tried to say more on this point, but it was no use. Miss Perugini was firm—not to use a stronger word—and it ended in her coming with me.

We set out like a pair of poachers into a black moonless night, finding our way along the sloppy roads with a bull's-eye lantern. When it came to the point, excitement notwithstanding, I must confess I didn't like the job one little bit. It smacked so abominably of common midnight burglary. True, Miss Perugini was the real robber-in-intent, and I was only an agent; but that didn't absolve me from being an accessory before the fact. Moreover, I had not her incentive.

At last we came to the dividing dike of the estate, and hushed our voices as we crossed it on a railway sleeper. Gaunt willow-trees whispered around us mournfully, and the ground beneath the coarse grass squelched under foot. The place had run very much to seed. Through two plantations we made our way, and then across an acre of rank herbage which had once been a trim lawn. Beyond was the house, dark-windowed and silent, amongst straggling elms. Between us and it was a pond, wherein a green-slimed Venus upheld a feebly bubbling fountain.

It was a photograph of this last over which I had spent so many thoughtful hours on board the *Laconic*, studying its ill-balanced proportions from every point of view, gazing at it in detail through the magnifying lens of a ship's telescope. Why was it there, I had asked myself, this monstrous ill-shapen thing? At first the answer seemed to be plain. I remembered the bent of the owner's mind towards statuary, and I remembered also how I had been told that 'Grampā' was no account as a sculptor. But by degrees I noticed that the chief thing which made the Venus look grotesque, was her pedestal. I drew other pedestals on paper, and set them beneath her: with each she looked many per cent. better. Why, then, had she been set on this skinny cylinder of stone an inch above the water's brim, which had originally been made to carry a water-pipe and nothing more? Perugini senior, though a bad sculptor, would not be utterly ignorant of effect in statuary. The obvious answer seemed to be that the Venus was put up hurriedly, and never afterwards meddled with for fear of calling undue attention to her.

From that point to assuming that the gems were stowed within the goddess's ill-shapen curves was a short step. Granted this, other matters became plain which were otherwise unexplainable. Where were the jewels stowed during those two years in Florida and Southern Georgia, when the original Perugini went about in daily fear of his injured compatriots? Where were they when he went North, getting rid little by little of these suspicious ingots of precious metal? And how were they smuggled untaxed beneath the eyes of the British Custom-house officer? And there were also other points which I will not bore you with, because on the data in these pages you can easily think them out for yourself.

There was no plank to be found near, and I was too scared, when it came to the point, to search far for one. So I stepped into the slime of the pond, and waded knee-deep across to the middle. I grasped the ill-shapen Venus by the neck, and the slop of water from her

upraised hands splashed coldly into my face. Then I pulled and pulled, and at last she came reluctantly away, leaving one foot and some leaden tubing behind her. In my arms I carried her to the bank of the pond.

Then—there was a tinkle as of breaking pottery, and quick withdrawal of a kicking foot, and a blaze of rainbows shone in the glow of the lamplight. The jewels were there before us, reset in a white matrix behind the breasts of the Venus. On our knees we crouched beside them, and quarried them out till none were left. With the gray breaking dawn, we passed the finely powdered dust of the Venus through finger and thumb, to make sure that not so much as a humble sapphire remained; and then we looked at the hoard, which sparkled in my handkerchief amongst the dewdrops on the grass blades. At a very rough guess there must have been the value of sixty or eighty thousand pounds lying there on the earth between us.

'I'm going to pick out the best diamonds to wear,' said my companion, 'because I'm an American woman and love diamonds. The rest of the stones shall go to Hatton Garden. My! won't I have a just elegant time when I get back to our country. Mr Clough, I think you're just the cleverest gentleman I ever met, and if you'll come back to the house, I'll hand you over your commission right now.'

Then she picked up my handkerchief by the four corners, and led the way back through the planting and over the railway sleeper to the road. As we walked back to the village, she told me more about Richmond (Virginia), but forbore all mention of the cigarette industry. She said the Richmond men were delightful, especially some of those who were of recent English importation, and worse off as regards mere dollars than some of their neighbours.

At this point, as we had reached the inn, I ventured to ask her if she had any particular one in her mind's eye; but that brought her back to business at once. We went into the cold smoky coffee-room, and she counted out my commission there and then on the spot.

I have often wondered since, what did happen when Miss Perugini got back to Richmond, in the State of Virginia, with her fortune.

#### D A W N.

Low sobbing waves upon a shadowed shore,  
Within the mead a scent of sleeping flowers,  
A waning moon behind the hill-top towers,  
And darkness darker than it was before.

Gray stretch of ocean 'neath a sky of gray,  
Within the pearlèd East a far faint light,  
A wind among the grasses on the height;  
Below, the distant murmur of the bay.

Dim light that trembles o'er the sombre sea,  
Pale sky that flushes suddenly to rose,  
Then golden bright the sun his glory shows—  
And lo! a bird is singing from the lea.

LYDIA M. WOOD.

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